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THE
NATION

FEBRUARY 14, 1959 . . 25c

'THINK FACTORY' De Luxe

The Air Force's Project RAND

by Gene Marine

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

HOW TO MAKE A SLUM

by Timothy J. Cooney

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LETTERS

'Zhivago' as Novel

Dear Sirs: I respect the sincerity of *The Nation's* position on all questions. For this reason I want to express a dissent on *Dr. Zhivago*. I felt no urge to do so when I first read it, but since then I have heard the opinions of a dozen other *Nation* readers. Although differing as to its social judgments and philosophy, not one of us considered it a good novel. Our common reaction was more or less as follows: that it was dull, undramatic and unrewarding; that it used coincidence to a degree that was not only artistically inept, but more than once absurd; that its characters were shadowy, and the motivations for their behavior sometimes defied understanding —for instance, Zhivago's crucial abandonment of Lara without reason, and his return to Moscow. In short, we found it to be, not a "great novel" (*Nation*, Nov. 1, 1958) but mediocre to bad.

To keep the point clear, I omit discussion of Pasternak's views, of the Soviet attitude toward him, or of the interesting fact that there must now exist an entire generation of Soviet readers who crave nothing so much as a copy of *Dr. Zhivago*. I am addressing myself to something more fundamental: how many *Nation* readers found *Zhivago* to be rewarding literature?

ALBERT MALTZ

Mexico, D. F.

Myth of a Myth

Dear Sirs: If there's one thing I enjoy, it's a good, wild generalization — like "Household automation has released mothers for work. . . ." ("Are Housewives Necessary?" by Eve Merriam in your Jan. 31 issue). This is diverting news all the way round — to the ladies concerned as well as to the U.S. Women's Bureau, which has been insisting in its unimaginative way that the propelling force for most working women is just plain old necessity.

Miss Merriam's charming verve, her social sympathies, her fine discernment on many points, are very appealing. Yet somehow her logic leads me to regard the invention of a home bread-making machine as the thing that will really flip the lid on female emancipation. To be sure, the washing machine is a boon to a woman's back (and as such is probably the only one of the highly touted home marvels in really general use). But viewed more broadly, the notion that "the housewife's functions have been displaced" by gadgets, so essential to Miss Merriam's construction of "the myth of the necessary housewife," is itself strictly a myth. Its generic home is ad-agency copy and bright features in the slick magazines; and if it has any purpose beyond the sheer joy of being silly, it is to make housewives feel that they're well off in the home. It strikes me that Miss Merriam is feeding the hand she's trying to bite.

ELLEN DAVIDSON

North Branford, Conn.

Splendid 'Christmas'

Dear Sirs: Charles Olson's "Christmas" [*The Nation*, January 3] is one of the finest things I have read in a long time, certainly one of the finest poems *The Nation* has published in years.

E. R. HAGEMANN
Department of English
University of California

Los Angeles, Calif.

Guide for Parents

Dear Sirs: I read Mr. Corbett's provocative article, "A Romp with Pop" [*The Nation*, Jan. 17], with strong but mixed feelings. . . . I agree wholeheartedly with the author's pronouncements against regimented fun and share his nostalgia for this country's lost individualism. But the implication might well be that parents should spend more time with their children, rather than less. . . . Perhaps if their parents spent long evening hours teaching them how to make such things as puppets, furniture, songs, stories, pictures, embroidery, graceful movements, then, with these things as a base, children could spend really fruitful hours alone with their contemporaries.

I think there may come a time when children will be able to call parents by their first names without any taint of false friendliness; with real comradeship, genuine enough to include a respect for their parents' *temporary* superiority over them in knowledge of the world. But I should like to see the emphasis placed on the *guidance* side, as far away from *commanding* as possible. I am convinced that if the educators (parents or teachers) of small children had enough wisdom, and enough interest in their civilizing task, children could be brought up as creative yet disciplined individuals by adults who received them into a genuine comradeship at which no one need shudder.

I suppose basically what appeals to me in Mr. Corbett's article is his distaste for the cheapness in our culture, and what irks me about it is the conservatism I feel implicit in his approach. I suppose really criminal children must, in one sense, be held responsible for their crimes. But at the same time how can one help but blame the social system (including the spirit of commercialism which Mr. Corbett condemns) which has surrounded that delinquent child from infancy and offered him nothing within his range of vision other than crime through which to gratify his impulses toward the individualism which Mr. Corbett so strongly advocates? I could wish Mr. Corbett, who is so healthily nauseated by falsehood, were a little more actively concerned with battling for truth.

BLOSSOM MARGARET DOUTHAT

New Haven, Conn.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1959
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Missile Bogey

It may be news when the President is palpably and incontrovertibly right, but in the long-range missile controversy evidence and logic are on his side. It is true that General Eisenhower's military experience does not make him an expert on modern weapons; it is also true that his cerebral voltage and assiduity are only average. But he has two outstanding advantages working for him. One is that he gets *all* the information, while none of his opponents — not even Senator Symington with his pipelines to the Pentagon — gets more than a fraction. The other is that he is disinterested. For Symington "defense," and in particular the "missile gap," are vehicles which may carry him to the Presidency. Eisenhower *is* President, and sixty-eight years old; all he can take with him is the consciousness of having done his duty at a crucial time in the country's history. What conceivable motive could he have for leaving the country defenseless?

The Russians have more ICBMs than we have. We cannot possibly equal them, either in range or quantity, in the next year or two, or even longer. This situation would not be altered if the Atlas were given top priority and its appropriations were tripled or quadrupled. The only result would be increased production of a semi-operational but obsolescent weapon at the expense of better weapons now under development. In the meantime, the over-all capacity of Soviet air and rocket power to devastate the United States is roughly matched by the corresponding capacity of American arms to devastate the Soviet Union. The balance is sufficiently even to make the chances of an attack by either side far more remote than the ordinary self-seeking politician would like his constituents to believe.

The President has performed a service by giving the country an example of equanimity in the war of nerves. Marshal Malinovsky's claim of "pinpoint" accuracy in delivery of ICBMs is, as the President says, propaganda. Technologically, it is quackery. There is no such thing as pinpoint accuracy at 5,000 miles, whether the claim comes from an American blowhard or a Russian. If enough missiles are fired, errors of ten to fifty miles could still result in immense damage to cities, but it will be some years before either the Soviet or the American Pentagon can think in these terms, and there is not the slightest sign of either achieving a position of impregnable ascendancy.

The Anti-Trust Counter-Ploy

Announcement that the Justice Department is presenting anti-trust evidence against General Motors to a New York grand jury points to the fact that the lines on which the 1960 campaign will be waged are now being drawn. At one level the politics of the action is fairly simple. Top-level planners are seeking desperately to create a new popular image of Republicanism. What better means to suggest than the GOP is not the party of big business than a dramatic anti-trust investigation of General Motors? Even the most vocal Democratic trust-busters consistently shied away from the Detroit giant. But the politics of the action has another dimension. After extensive polling and opinion-testing, the GOP has decided to run against high prices in 1960. The Democrats, on several counts, will be tagged as the party of high prices; it will be said that they are the welfare spenders and the big-armament spenders. They will be charged with encouraging the wage-price spiral through "softness" towards big labor.

To this end, the Administration exhibits marked horror at the thought of an unbalanced budget—although the budget was unbalanced by $12 billion within very recent memory. A more or less balanced budget has been prepared with full knowledge that the Democrats will proceed to "unbalance" it. The Administration will rely, also, on the assumption that the Democrats will be reluctant to hike taxes. In a word, high prices will be equated with an unbalanced budget for which the Democrats will be held responsible.

To all of this the Democrats have a rejoinder which stems from Senator Kefauver's inquiry into administered prices. Senator Kefauver contends that there has been no significant "demand" inflation since 1953 and that the current inflation is to be chalked up, in large part, to the administered-price sectors of the economy. So the Democrats can argue, of course, that big business is in no small measure responsible for the current inflation. To this Democratic ploy, the Republicans

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have now come up with a counter-ploy: the anti-trust proceedings against G.M. The Justice Department does not need actually to prosecute for the counter-ploy to be partially effective and, even if an action is initiated, it can drag on interminably. The counter-ploy may not succeed—it is difficult to give the Grand Old Party a new trust-busting image—but it is cunningly conceived.

Smoke Signal

In these days of diplomatic ignominy we are justified in grasping at straws of pride in our State Department. In spite of, or more probably because of, a noticeable lack of imagination or initiative—attributes tending to instill suspicion in the mind of Organization Man—Madison Avenue has seen fit to bestow the laurel of endorsement upon our foreign service. A leading cigarette manufacturer has voluntarily chosen to present to the public a television commercial in which a diplomat smokes and praises his product. The ad agency's "thinking" obviously implies that such "linkage" will promote "prestige appeal" for the client, something which would have been unthinkable during the Dean Acheson era. By avoiding such glaringly questionable policies as the Marshall Plan, Mr. Dulles and his policy makers have apparently cleansed the Department of the "red degenerate" appearance it acquired through Senator McCarthy's discerning eye. Now a diplomat is just as respectable, intelligent and courageous as a steelworker or a ranch-hand, with or without tattoo.

But is it significant that the cigarette Our Man In Washington prefers is not only filtered but medicinally flavored?

Back to Westerns

After much hopeful comment and prayerful anticipation, we have been given a sample of the television editorial. At the conclusion of a recent documentary ("The Second Agony of Atlanta") on desegragation — which incidentally left a great deal to be desired on the score of fair and full coverage — Mr. Chet Huntley delivered a pious little homily. Laws, he said, would not work the change which the Supreme Court had ordered. Therefore "the NAACP may have outlived itself because those white Southerners who must prevail, if anyone will, consider it an unacceptable symbol." If "militant Negro leadership" were to withdraw, the militant white leadership (the White Citizens Councils) "will in time atrophy."

The NAACP must have been a bit startled by this bit of unsolicited advice, the more so as it came on the eve of Lincoln's birthday, which is being used this year as an occasion to focus attention on the work and activities of the organization (see article on page 137). Fortunately the injury to the NAACP was minimal. Virginia's ignominious abandonment of "massive resistance" neatly undercuts the editorial's prime argument. Apart from the fact that the documentary presented only one NAACP official (not identified), it hardly supported the editorial's dolorous conclusion. Finally, the suggestion that laws will not work social change is at sharp variance with legislative history, state and federal, and with our experience as a people.

So if this is a sample of the TV editorial, the networks should stick to their regular fare of soap operas and Westerns.

Do We Never Learn?

With the demand for Latin-American dictators falling below the supply, three of them were assembled in the Dominican "Republic" — Rafael Trujillo, the host, and his guests Juan Perón and Fulgencio Batista. Now Perón is reported to have resumed his travels, and it turns out that Trujillo would like Batista to be on his way, too. The newspaper *El Caribe*, controlled by Trujillo, was quite forthright about it: its headline read, "Batista Should Get Out." The Dominican radio, likewise Trujillo-controlled, added an emphatic footnote: "Batista's presence here is repugnant and unpleasant. Contact with him disgusts and shames us. Trujillo's nobility and Christian kindness have given shelter to a man who would not have come here if he had any sense of decency."

Since Trujillo's Christian kindness consists in exactly the kind of conduct of which Batista was guilty, it is unlikely that his horror is of a purely moral sort. The less attention he attracts just now, the better. What happened in Cuba can happen in his own domain. In Caracas a few weeks ago, Castro said, "Everywhere I hear the chant 'Trujillo next! Trujillo next!'" The Venezuelans cheered.

What is the role of the United States in all this tumult? The ordinary American knew nothing of Batista's atrocities, but the State Department certainly did. Yet the United States gave Batista financial and logisic support until it became clear, even to Washington, that he was on his way out. Haiti, the Dominican dictatorship's next-door neighbor, is under the yoke of a tin-horn dictator whose tenure appears to be as precarious as Batista's was six months ago. Trujillo is naturally very sensitive to what goes on in Haiti; on one occasion he slaughtered some 15,000 Haitians just to make the point clear. Our dalliance with dictators have made us as little loved in Latin-America as the dictators. One would think we might have learned something by now. But we have sent another military mission to Haiti. It is only a small mission. But why any? If we can't remember all our past mistakes in the Caribbean, it would not be difficult to keep in mind the most recent: Venezuela for one, Cuba for another.

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'THINK FACTORY' De Luxe . . *by Gene Marine*

THE NATION assigned Gene Marine the task of finding out what he could about the RAND Corporation. Here is his report — factual, objective, as detailed as RAND's highly "classified" activities would permit.

Just what is this anomalous organization? Sustained by public funds, it "thinks" for the Air Force and enjoys, apparently, a remarkable degree of autonomy. It is no emergency improvisation; it has been in existence for thirteen years. Since the bulk of its work consists of military planning and research, why isn't it part of the Air Force? It is apparent that RAND's "social science" and similar research is extraneous to its real functions.

RAND, we submit, was set up to mask a relationship between the Air Force and the scientists which either or both did not care to make explicit. We respect the men who wear the uniform of the Air Force; but we cannot respect intellectuals who, apparently unwilling to don that uniform, are eager to prepare the plans, guide the missiles and calculate the casualties—for salaries that compare favorably with the highest ranking officers. If they object to the uniform, they need not wear it; the three armed services employ thousands of civilians. Nor in this instance is special equipment a factor; the Air Force has desks, pencils and blackboards. If pay is the problem, let them negotiate with the Air Force. But giving RAND a trick name and tucking it away in Santa Monica, California, only masks—it does not change—the real relationship.

In this case, and for intellectuals in particular, that sad-sack phrase "we just work here—we don't make the decisions," is not acceptable. The scientists who "think" for RAND cannot escape their moral responsibility for the decisions and plans based on their research and investigations by donning Southern California sport shirts and engaging in "social science" research and a little teaching on the side. Let's dispense with these organizational hybrids which the Air Force continues to spawn (Space Technology Laboratories is another); they are no less lethal for all the fact that they operate on a cost-plus basis.—THE EDITORS.

HUMAN institutions have a habit of growing away from the ends for which they were originally established—as witness the Knights Templar, the House of Lords, or a quiet, almost obsessively unobtrusive firm in Santa Monica, California, called the RAND Corporation.

RAND is generally described, when it's described at all, as a super-secret outfit in which high-priced, high-domed individuals — engineers and philosophers, physicists and anthropologists—devote their time to figuring out bigger and better ways to kill people. It is that; but it has become a good deal more.

On November 7, 1944, the Air Force's General "Hap" Arnold wrote a memorandum about "the Air Force's postwar and next-war research and development program." He wanted to keep some of his wartime scientific brainpower around "to assist in avoiding future national peril and winning the next war."

A group of men around Arnold shared his concern. E. L. Bowles of M.I.T., a consultant to the Secretary of War, was pushing for an organization that would combine the efforts of science, industry and the armed forces. The Carnegie Institution's Paul Schere, then in the Office of Scientific Research and Development, wanted a group to work on guided missiles. Scientists, government men, Air Force officers, and top industry men like Raymond of Douglas, were in on the talks.

Late in 1945, the idea took definite shape, and the Air Force contracted with the Douglas Company to assume administrative control over what it called Project RAND —all in capitals. The name came from the phrase "research and development," though RAND does only research; its function and purpose were—and are—set forth in Air Force Regulation 20-9, which begins:

> Project RAND is a continuing program of scientific study and research on the broad subject of air warfare with the object of recommending to the Air Force preferred methods, techniques, and instrumentalities for this purpose. . . . Project RAND was established to provide the Air Force with independent objective analyses of the broad problems of air warfare. . . .

Formed around a core of Douglas personnel, RAND apparently conceived of its job at first as having to do solely with futuristic weapons systems and ways to use them—their thinking has usually dealt with the period at least five years into the future. The earliest item on its 366-page list of unclassified publications is titled *World-Circling Space Ship*, and is dated June 1, 1946—thirteen years ago.

PROJECT RAND, however, was soon dealing with defense as well as attack, and from there it moved into the myriad problems of logistics. The need for economists became almost immediately evident, and before long it realized the need for a social-science division. The project became unique that day; but that story comes later.

"Hap" Arnold had envisioned a group that could work in complete independence and freedom, and without giving any single industrial firm an advantage over others. He gave Project RAND $10 million to assure its independence and moved it outside the military, the government and the universities. Only with reluctance did he allow Douglas even administrative control; as it turned out, a great deal of time and diplomacy had to be expended in allaying the consequent suspicions of the rest of the industry.

In the meantime, mathematician John Williams reports that for some, there were other difficulties with Douglas:

> Academic people are like gypsies in some respects, so if you haven't seen a man for a few years, it is perfectly legitimate to ask, "Where are you now?" And just the bare statement, "Douglas Aircraft," is likely to be met with "How quaint!" Then, of course, he wants to know what you do there, and you say you do philosophy . . . you can imagine the rest of it. . . .

In 1947, Project RAND found itself too big to stay on as a puzzling tenant at Douglas. It had its operating fund, but no working capital; the Ford Foundation was persuaded to put up an interest-free loan of $1 million, and the completely independent, non-profit RAND Corpora-

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tion was formed. In 1952, the loan became a grant ("payable" in public-service research) and RAND moved into its own building in Santa Monica.

The Chairman of the Board of the RAND Corporation is H. R. Gaither, late of the Ford Foundation (and of the still-secret Gaither Report; you may have three guesses why Gaither headed that group, and where most of the information came from). There is no aircraft company executive on the RAND board, and —startling in any Air Force contractor—no former Air Force generals.

AN indication of how, in thirteen years, RAND has tended to evolve away from its original bent is the fact that a few years ago it had seven divisions: Aircraft, Economics, Electronics, Mathematics, Missiles, Physics and Social Science. Now, it has five: Aircraft, Electronics and Missiles have disappeared as separate divisions, and the one partial replacement is Engineering (the Systems Development Corporation, another non-profit outfit which handles training programs for the Air Force, was a division of RAND until December, 1958). This may be partly window-dressing, but mostly it reflects the constant broadening of RAND research.

Today, RAND has about 800 employees; most are in the $15,000- to $25,000-a-year bracket, and just under 150 of them are Ph.D.s. Perhaps 20 per cent of the researchers are social scientists—but at RAND, this may not mean what it seems to mean. One of their physicists was offered a university chair in economics. The Engineering Division includes philosophers, and the Economics Division includes solid-state physicists. And so on.

Furthermore, RAND people are almost pathological on the subject of not compartmentalizing skills. "The economist and the political scientist," says RAND's R. D. Specht by way of illustration, "must consider the implications of yesterday's discoveries in electromagnetic propagation."

Now, RAND sits by the sea and thinks. What does it think? How does it go about it? And what kind of people do the thinking?

Once a visitor has been admitted past the guards and into the two-story pink-and-white California-modern building, he finds himself in an atmosphere rather like that of a university without students—a university in which the whole faculty decided to come in on its day off. Men in garish sport shirts stroll casually about; nobody seems to hurry. Uniforms are rare; the few Air Force officers on temporary duty show up, like the permanent staff, garbed in casual Southern California comfort.

A pamphlet, *Welcome to RAND,* is one of several documents issued to new employees, and its first sentence is, "You may have noticed that the lines of authority are not as rigidly drawn here at RAND as is usual in most organizations." This is something of an understatement; a later passage reads: "Our building is open twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year, and members of the research staff may adjust their working hours to their individual preferences as long as these do not conflict with [joint projects involving other people]."

It's a pleasant place to work. There are ping-pong tables and a putting green. RAND maintains a current list of houses for sale, and houses, apartments and rooms for rent, in the Santa Monica area. They provide a free notarizing service, will deposit your paycheck for you, and will help you on personal purchasing (for instance, by keeping track of discounts offered by retailers in the area). There is free coffee, a blood bank and a credit union.

The pamphlet makes clear to the newcomer, however, that here is no ordinary, paternalistic industrial plant: "The failure of an individual to qualify for the necessary clearance will result in termination." In an organization that requires so high a degree of secrecy, it might seem that the personnel would be forced to band together outside working hours in order to avoid the constant tension of not letting something slip. Actually, it doesn't seem to work that way. "Most people are satisfied with generalities," one RANDman said, "and of course, the people you see most often learn that you can't talk about your work in detail, and they don't ask."

Off the job, RAND people are likely to be doing almost anything, from reading Chaucer to tinkering with a Cadillac-engined Jaguar. More startling to the visitor, they're likely to be doing almost anything on the job, too. One of the more fascinating pastimes is a lunch-hour sport called *Kriegsspiel,* a form of blindboard chess (with a wall between two chessboards) in which the player must infer the other player's moves from remarks made by a referee.

To offset the drawbacks of working often under strict classification, RAND encourages its staff to stay abreast of their fields, to attend meetings (on RAND time and often at RAND expense), and to publish whenever they can. They can often select their own research programs, and staff members are continually submitting new projects for consideration. RAND likes to see its personnel do a little part-time teaching, if it can be worked in, and will often pay the costs of a staff member's taking further courses himself (on his own time).

Incidentally—to lay at rest a few of the rumors that have come my way—RAND does not have (and has never had) a Chinese philosopher on its staff; it did not do a study setting up a military-government system to run Russia after World War III; and it does not have a super-secret translating machine. RAND does have philosophers, and a scientist who reads Chinese. It has done studies on Russia—many of them—and it does have a machine-translation *project* about which RANDmen are quite willing—even happy—to talk (the machine has a long way yet to go before it becomes truly operational.

ALL THAT the uncleared visitor is likely to see of RAND is a series of offices, looking rather like professors' offices in a university, with a blackboard in each and a serious-looking young man in most. The Physics Division, by the way, once housed a president of the Westwood Young Republicans, but generally, RAND seems to lean a little toward Democrats. The staff is active in local and national politics to about the same degree as any comparable group on a university campus. A

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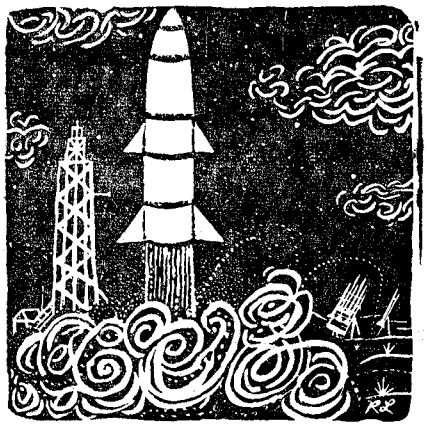

member of the Social Science Division describes his fellows as "more likely to read *The Nation* than *The National Review*."

RAND personnel, it seems, are generally easy-going people, fairly well contented with their jobs. RAND grants its researchers their eccentricities—in clothing or working hours or in some cases beard lengths—and gets from them an astonishing loyalty.

This, then, is RAND, the place. What about RAND, the operation? What goes on there? Is it synthesis—or groupthink?

ONCE EVERY year, the Air Force renews a contract with the RAND Corporation which says that in return for certain monies, the corporation, a private organization, will conduct Project RAND for the Air Force. The "certain monies" are on a cost-plus basis; for 1958, the sum was $13 million.

In addition to its project work, RAND also takes on occasional jobs for other government agencies (notably the Atomic Energy Commission) and, as noted, turns its profits back into what they call RAND-sponsored research—research done, in the words of RAND's Articles of Incorporation, "for the public welfare and security of the United States of America." This research-out-of-profits (some of which is charged against the Ford grant mentioned earlier) has produced in recent months such varied papers as *The Relation of Salary to the Supply of Scientists and Engineers, Economic Research on Southeast Asia in the United States, Criteria of Efficiency in Government Expenditures, Feather River Water for Southern California,* and *Japan's Economic Future in Asia.*

But RAND-sponsored research—obviously, since it represents only the reinvestment of profits—is a very small part of RAND's work, and in fact often represents an offshoot of its official Air Force research. When, late last year, a Congressional "space committee" asked RAND for a report on the present state of knowledge in astronautics, RAND came up with it immediately, and charged the effort off as RAND-sponsored research.*

In general, work for other government agencies is minimal. The one big job at RAND is Project RAND, and 95 per cent of what it does is secret. Still, the physical sciences being what they are, RAND can hide the nature of its particular projects but not "the state of the art." When Project RAND first began, for instance, it would have taken no clearance to envision that rockets and missiles would be the weapons carriers of the future, and a quick look into what was then known would have revealed the general lines of the research that had to be pursued. The same considerations are true of RAND's Physics and Engineering Divisions today, and in a slightly different sense, of the Mathematics Division as well.

In Economics, RAND deals with problems like "How to select from among all possible avenues of development of aircraft or missiles the one, two or more that promise the greatest reward"—a phrase that seems to end in something of a euphemism. It also goes into the utilization of the Air Force budget, and into the economic aspects of possible wars—the choice of targets, for a simple example. The Cost Analysis and Logistics Departments of the Economics Division are to a certain extent self-explanatory.

**Space Handbook: Astronautics and its Applications,* Staff Report of the Select Committee on Astronautics and Space Exploration, 85th Congress; Govt. Prtg. Office, 1959, 60c. This remarkable 250-page booklet is simple enough to be a text for brighter high-school students, comprehensive enough to cover even the most detailed problems of space flight, and invaluable for anyone interested in separating facts from Sunday-supplement nonsense in this widely discussed field.

Eight years ago, in *Fortune,* John McDonald described RAND's approach to a weapons-system problem:

> RAND might be expected, for example, to make a recommendation on the next generation of bombers. . . . RAND would not in such a case recommend a specific bomber design, or any particular bomber alone even in its most general characteristics. Rather, it would describe the relationships between various bomber characteristics—in effect between a variety of bombers for a variety of possible jobs—among which the Air Force might choose on the basis of military judgment.

The MB-1 anti-aircraft rocket with nuclear warhead, tested successfully in Nevada in 1957, is known to have been a RAND development. But of far greater significance is the fact that the world-wide distribution of Strategic Air Command bases was set up in 1953 by a RAND study.

ON A HUGE board in the office of Brownlee W. Haydon, whose official title as Director of Telecommunications conceals his real job as RAND's semi-official public-relations man, is a list of current projects (which security practice would indicate is either incomplete or contains a number of disguised references), including such provocative items as *The Political Implications of Nuclear Assistance* and *Japanese Rearmament.* Under Economics is one titled simply *Viability of Overseas Bases.*

Does the last listing mean that RAND is studying the viability of the particular arrangement that now exists, or that it is questioning the whole overseas-base concept? I was told that the study encompasses both questions; even the narrower view, of course, leads to such problems as (for instance) the effect on India of our continuing and apparently growing rapport with Franco, which rests on the overseas-base idea.

"This is in the study," Haydon nodded. "Maybe not that particular point, I don't know—but that approach. Of course, our job is just to gather facts, and to tell the Air Force what we think the facts mean. In that case, our political scientists and whoever else might be involved would go into all the political angles

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they could think of, and this would all go into our report, along with our recommendations. But we don't make the decisions—the Air Force does."

There is no denying the difficulty of such an approach, in which the dollars-and-cents logistics cost of supplying a certain kind of base in a certain country is only one factor, and another might deal with an election to be held two years hence in a neighboring country. But RAND tries to gather these facts and—what is more difficult—to balance them in full knowledge of the inadequacy of some of its methods, particularly in the social sciences. One RAND executive cites as the corporation's greatest accomplishment the degree to which it has "educated the Air Force" to think in terms as broad as these.

HAYDON explains RAND's "interdisciplinary approach" this way:

> Let's say an engineer comes storming in here with a handful of drawings. He yells, "Man, you ought to see this rocket I've worked out! It's got everything!" About that time, an economist takes a look at the drawings and says, "My God! Do you know what that thing will *cost?*" And then a social scientist wanders in, looks the thing over, and asks quietly, "Are you sure you want to use that?"

The implied broad approach—particularly in the last question—characterizes RAND's work today much more than it once did.

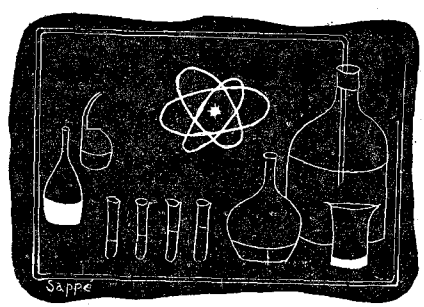
An acquaintance has suggested that political angles aside, moral angles are involved. From RAND's point of view, I'd presume to suggest that in relation to such questions as whether or not to put a U. S. Air Force base in a particular place (or even whether to have one at all), moral issues *are* political issues.

The fact that there may be considerable moral opposition to our continuing coziness with Franco is a political fact—and consequently one with which the Air Force should be concerned whatever the moral views of its generals. In this way, RAND does deal with moral issues. Its scientists do not often say (officially) that "This troubles me personally"; but they do say, "This is apt to trouble a lot of people"—an argument far more likely to affect the behavior of the military.

None of this, of course, goes to the individual moral problem of the scientist working on a warhead or helping to select possible targets. The men at RAND are in some cases troubled men, but they are men who have made a choice.

J. M. GOLDSEN is a stocky, intense, bespectacled young man who once worked for the Library of Congress. In 1947, he turned down a lucrative career in educational films to help organize RAND's Social Science Division, in which he now serves as right-hand man to division head Hans Speier.

Late on a Friday afternoon, when he could have been at home, he tilted a chair back to an angle that must have been calculated in the Engineering Division, and studied the ceiling as though it contained a teleprompter. "If war should break out," he said slowly, "I honestly believe that every one of us here would look at each other—if we had time—and curse the fact that we'd failed in what we were all trying desperately to do."



Asked about "Cold-War assumptions," Goldsen thought a moment, then said, "In any given study, we start from the facts as they are—at least as nearly as we can understand them—and not from what we wish they were. There's a condition of tension and mistrust—call it whatever you want—between the United States and the Soviet Union. This is a fact, not an assumption. Any study that pretends it isn't there would be useless."

What about preventing war? Goldsen argues strongly for an understanding of the role of guesswork in international relations. "Obviously," he said, "the more information we have about Russia—about the people who make decisions there, the things that bear on their decisions, the internal power struggles, the price of peat moss, anything—the more our actions are going to be in line with reality. The same goes for information about France or Germany or Japan—or Burma. The more information we can give these guys in Washington, the less they have to *guess* and the more they *know*. And the less we're all likely to get blown to hell because somebody guessed wrong."

Some of the work in Social Science concerns the Cold War only in the most indirect fashion; and some of it provides dramatic illustration of the way in which the incorrigible workings of the intellect have pulled RAND away from its original concept.

From a group of men banded together to work on futuristic weapons systems, RAND has become an organization which can convince the Air Force that an increase in the frequency of mental disorders would have enough serious social, military and economic implications to be worthy of Air Force concern. Thus the Air Force uncomplainingly, if not cheerfully, paid for a RAND report which was published commercially by The Free Press (Glencoe, Ill.) as *Psychosis and Civilization*, by H. Goldhamer and A. W. Marshall; psychiatrists recognize it as a major contribution to the literature on mental disease.

THE Economics Division, and particularly the Cost Analysis Department, have raised fundamental questions about Air Force purchasing practices. One RAND report was severely critical of the cost-plus system (under which the Project RAND contract itself operates). From the visible evidence, it seems fair to say that as government contractors go, RAND is remarkably cost-conscious. Its own facilities are adequate but by no means sumptuous. There seems to be a genuine awareness that it is public money with which it is dealing.

It is also evident that RAND rec-

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ognizes this as a serious problem elsewhere: there is a continuing study on the Russian economy. The unclassified index lists 118 publications on Soviet agriculture, industry, transport, national income and product, planning (general and investment), population, labor and trade, and prices. The titles range from broad studies (*The Economics of Soviet Agriculture*) to carefully chosen details (*Prices of Bricks in the Soviet Union, 1928-1950*).

The personnel at RAND certainly don't balk at questioning the arms race. "I don't know," one of them said, "how long the American people are going to put up with this once-a-year scare about the military situation, just at appropriations time." During the 1958 recession, a RAND staff member—admitting a personal concern—proposed a study of the national and regional effects on the economy in case of peace. This recommendation is still under consideration at RAND, and may become a project.

In the meantime, RAND continues on its curious way—still trying to find bigger, better and more effective ways of killing people, trying simultaneously to find ways to keep it from happening. Make no mistake, however: whatever the trend, the business of war is still very much in the forefront.

There is the Logistics Systems Laboratory, one of the places in which RAND plays "war games." A table in one corner represents, say, a fighter base in Pakistan. Other tables represent other parts of the Air Force structure around the world. The problem is to supply and maintain that fighter base under various logistics plans (it's mostly done with mathematics and the help of one of RAND's several computers) through conditions of peace, or any of several kinds of war.

There are still other war games—simulated bomber strikes and missile attacks, satellite bombings and struggles involving lunar bases. In the earlier studies, the Social Science Division was called in only to help evaluate probable target damage. Though their numbers have remained proportionately about the same, the social scientists appear to have more to say now.

The bulk of the research is still on such questions as the magnetohydrodynamic problems associated with interplanetary flight, or on how to get a bigger explosion into a smaller warhead more accurately delivered; but at the same time, broader and deeper questions are continually being asked. The intellectually trained mind is indeed incorrigible, and the effects are easily perceptible.

The changing face of RAND is reflected, perhaps as well as anywhere else, in a Stanford University Press book, written under Project RAND by Paul Kecskemeti and called *Strategic Surrender*. This is the book which caused such a fuss last year when some Congressmen howled that the Air Force was sponsoring research on how America should go about surrendering. Further comment on the furor is unnecessary, beyond the note that obviously nobody concerned ever read the book, which deals with four surrenders that took place in World War II.

At the end of the book, however, Kecskemeti discusses the implications of what he has written, in terms of nuclear and thermonuclear reality as it is today. The attitude he expresses is, if the people I met are any criterion, a valid example of the way that people at RAND think about "Hap" Arnold's reference to "winning the next war":

> Powers may seek to survive in the nuclear age, either by going to extremes of inhumanity and malevolence never imagined before, or by drastically limiting their expectations of gain from the application of armed power. Adjusting to the new conditions is bound to be particularly difficult for the United States. . . . Systematic malevolence is as alien to the American makeup as overblown emotional expectations of unlimited gains are congenial to it.
>
> . . . If the inhuman alternative to survival . . . is excluded for us . . . so much the better. Let us hope that this alternative will not be open to others either, for practical reasons if not for reasons of character. If we rule out the inhuman solution, then we must act on the other alternative. . . . We shall have to revise some of our deeply rooted traditional attitudes, such as our rejection of compromise and our faith in extreme, ideal solutions when the chips are down. . . . In the future, they can only render us impotent to deal with political reality, and thus jeopardize our very survival.

In this instance, at least, it would appear that the United States Air Force could be getting worse advice for its money.

Three Revolutions Toward Neutrality . . *by Desmond Stewart*

Cairo

1958 WILL BE remembered in the Arab East as the year of revolutions: May fighting in Beirut was followed by the July conflagration in Baghdad, while November saw a bloodless *coup d'état* by the Blue Nile. Astrologers may discover that the planet as a whole was passing through some malefic conjunction of Mars with Jupiter: systems of rule were violently changed in Venezuela, Pakistan, Siam and Burma; chaos prevailed in Cuba, stasis in Cyprus. But the three Arab revolutions are in a sense apart, and deserve separate consideration.

To a Western observer it might at first seem that all three revolutions were much the same — a discarding of civilians for soldiers, the collapse of unsuccessful parliamentary systems. Such an interpretation would be in general superficial, and misleading where correct in particulars. The three revolutions had different causes, purposes and results.

DESMOND STEWART, British journalist, is the author of the recently published Turmoil in Beirut.

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The most interesting was the Lebanese. It lasted longest, took the heaviest toll of lives, came nearest to causing a larger war and, being fought in the most literate Arab state, was conducted on a higher level of polemic than any other. At first sight, this revolution was the clash of Moslems identified with Nasser, against Christians identified with America (or the West, if that word means anything). Behind the slogans and shots, a power shift took place inside the country similar to one of those subterranean shifts of earth which lead on the surface to earthquakes. The Maronites had become a seigneurial class, overriding the other Christians and the Moslems, usurping the prerogatives of a majority, and treating the Arabs in much the same way as do the *colons* in Algeria. The issue of Arab Nationalism opposed to the Eisenhower Doctrine was fortuitous. A clash between the sects was bound to come in any case. Chamoun's folly in accepting the doctrine himself, in gerrymandering a parliament which would also accept it, and in planning to use this faked parliamentary majority to continue his own term of office, was that he gave the Moslems (who are probably a numerical majority) an ideological issue on which they were prepared to fight.

In disregarding the Arab involvement with Nasser and Nasserism he prepared his downfall. (Had he contented himself with keeping his anti-Nasser sentiments to himself, he might well have stood again, with Moslem support.) His parliamentary trickery drove to extra-parliamentary activity those with the greatest following in the streets and hills. Thus the revolution was not against parliaments; it was against a particular parliament that had been rigged, and that had allowed the National Pact of 1943 to be broken. Lebanon is now back where it started, neutral between blocs. To effect this return to a previous equilibrium, in a country half the size of Israel, cost about 4,000 lives. Another benefit is that the Lebanese have now had enough violence to last them another century. And the new equilibrium is sounder than the old. The Maronites have learned that they cannot override Moslem opinion, the Moslems have learned the same thing with relation to the Christians. Two heroes of the revolution are the Maronite Patriarch, who acted as an Arab patriot, showing the Christians are not automatic agents of the West, and Saeb Salaam, who refused to sanction reprisals despite provocations.

If the Lebanese revolution was the most intellectual, the most sustained and the most popular (in the sense that it was waged by the population), the Iraqi revolution was the most important. In two morning hours of a stifling July day, the main bulwark of a British attitude to the Arab East was exploded forever. Feisal, his uncle, and Nouri Said normally took pains not to be in Baghdad together. The Crown Prince and the elderly dictator had returned only a few days before July 14 for their last date with history.

THE IRAQI revolution was exceedingly popular in that everyone wanted it and no one opposed it. But the Army kicked open the door (with how little arms it has only later become known: four bazooka shells plus bullets and grenades secreted from Army exercises), and the people trampled through afterwards. They, not the Army, dragged the bodies of the Prince and Nouri through the streets; it is fair to say that if the Army had not acted, the people would still have been saluting the elegant Prince in his maroon Rolls.

The Iraqi revolution teaches one lesson most firmly: the tighter a regime holds down the saucepan lid, the messier the explosion when it blows off. "The right people in power, the right people in jail," was British opinion at the time of Suez, when Nouri's police were firing on volunteers to help Egypt, when the bodies of students were left to rot in the dank corridors of Baghdad's College of Arts. Far more repressive than the Faroukian system, which was a decadent, corrupt, but not particularly brutal constitutional monarchy, the system built by Nouri, and at least tolerated by the British Embassy, was an all-or-nothing dyke against popular feeling. Parliamentarians had no chance to become unpopular; they were thrown in jail and their seats warmed by agents of the Palace or the Pasha. Hence the rage and resentment felt since July 14: not only out of a desire for revenge, but also because Iraqis felt themselves insulted in that it had been possible to divide them so long, to treat them as children so long. It is an aspect of themselves which they curse in cursing Fadhil Jamali or Towfik Suwaidi. And if the Iraqis have so far failed to achieve stability, this is due to the false stability which existed before (and was so delighted in by Western spokesmen), based on feudal land owners, encouraged businessmen, discouraged politicians, imprisoned students and publicly executed Communists.

IN THE SUDANESE revolution, so far as is recorded, not one nose was bloodied, not one prison cell had a new tenant. But the causes of the revolution were the most obscure. A coup had been rumored in the week before the revolution; the New York *Herald Tribune* had even suggested that the pro-Western Prime Minister, Abdullah Khalil, was planning a coup of his own. But it seems, from the evidence available, that the younger officers, learning inevitably of these intentions, spoke bluntly to their Commander in Chief, Ibrahim Abboud: "You are about to be replaced by your second in command, Ahmed Abdul Wahab. He wants a coup; we want one, too; but we do not want a pro-Western (or pro-Eastern) coup; we want to get rid of all the politicians, and do what we can to help Sudan. If you will head the coup, we shall support you, provided always that you follow a national line." Hence Abdullah Khalil's disappointment on November 17; expecting to be the Prime Minister of the revolution, he received instead a letter of thanks and dismissal. Hence, too, the studious non-alignment of the new government; friendly to all, but zealous for Sudanese independence: the removal of the statues of Kitchener and Gordon; the agreement that Czechoslovakia should build a sugar refinery in return for Sudanese cot-

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ton; the acceptance of unconditional American aid; the imminent arrival of a Soviet economic mission. But the most honestly elected parliament in the Arab East has vanished; there is no talk of reviving it. Instead, there is a recognition which would have been impossible before national independence, that democracy cannot function properly on a basis of mass illiteracy and penury.

THE question of foreign policy illustrates the differences among these revolutions. The political orientation of Lebanon was the basic ideological issue in Beirut, where class conflict was totally submerged in sectarian clash, the Moslem worker feeling more in common with a feudal Moslem aristocrat than with a Christian working at the same job as himself. Foreign policy was important in Iraq, but not all-important. In the Sudan, foreign policy played hardly any role at all.

Nevertheless, one common thread does run through these upheavals, and it is shown best by the Sudan. For this third revolution was the most pro-Western, in a country with no serious quarrel with the West, with an elite that is distinctly Anglophile. Yet from the first moment of the revolution, Abboud, and even Ahmed Abdul Wahab, insisted, in their platitudes, on neutrality between power blocs, on close friendship with Egypt, on the Bandung spirit. The common thread is this determination not to be railroaded into military alliance: Nasser's popularity in Egypt dates from his emotional acceptance of this mood at Bandung; it has now become obligatory to all African and Asian statesmen who wish to retain the affection of their people. Lebanon's new Prime Minister has stated explicitly that the Eisenhower Doctrine is no longer binding on his country; Qassim receives Mr. Rountree, but immediately afterwards receives the Soviet Ambassador, and photographs of the two receptions are published side by side in the press.

"Bandung" is victorious; and the victim is the nexus of Western ideas underlying these military alliances with armies of horsemen and machine-gunners (who know, if the West doesn't, what they would be up against in an atomic war); and in the labels on King Feisal's last luggage—*Ankaraya-Bagdad*—there was rightness as well as irony.

VILLARD and the NAACP . . *by Flint Kellogg*

FEBRUARY 12 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The "new abolition movement," as it was sometimes called, owes its existence in large measure to Oswald Garrison Villard, grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, the Great Abolitionist. It was Villard who wrote the Lincoln's Birthday "call" — a summons to action in protest of the political and social disabilities of the Negro and a proposal for the national conference which led ultimately to the creation of the NAACP. It was Villard who mapped out the plan for organization of the new movement as it gathered momentum, and it was he, with his dominating personality, his drive and vigor, his dedication to the Garrison ideals and his fearless and outspoken determination, who held the group together in the early and difficult years.

FLINT KELLOGG, who teaches history at Dickinson College (Carlisle, Pa.), is at work on a history of the NAACP under a grant from the Fund for the Republic.

The high point in the curtailment of the political, economic and civil rights of the Negro had been reached by the turn of the century. The waves of violence, intimidation and lynching in both North and South had brought about a "new slavery," the identification of color with degraded social conditions, giving countenance to laws and attitudes increasingly detrimental to the Negro.

In the South, Booker T. Washington tried to advance the status of the Negro through a program promoting Negro business, the buying of land and technical education. Toward civil and political rights, he adopted a policy of expediency and accommodation. This policy of moderation was protested by a group of Negro intellectuals—W. E. B. Du Bois' "talented tenth." His group, however, had been unable to pierce the strong wall of political power held by Washington, who had the majority of Negroes, as well as Southern whites, on his side. The conflict between the two points of view led to the alignment of "conservatives" and "radicals" within the Negro community.

White social workers and reformers in the North were also protesting the spreading racial discrimination. Among the white champions of the Negro was Villard, who all his life took pride in the Garrison tradition, a feeling carefully fostered by his uncles, the sons of William Lloyd Garrison. In 1897, Villard joined the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post*, owned by his father. He was assigned to a desk in the office of his uncle, Wendell Phillips Garrison, then editor of *The Nation*, which was at that time the literary supplement to the *Evening Post*. Later, in 1918, Villard became editor and owner of *The Nation*, and he directed the publication in these capacities until 1932. From 1932-35 he was *The Nation's* publisher and a contributing editor.

In 1902, Robert C. Ogden, president of the Southern Education Board, invited Villard to become a member of his party traveling by special train to the annual Conference on Education in the South. This trip gave him new and deep insights into the living conditions of Negroes in the South. "I feel as if I had emerged

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from darkest America and the sense of the wrongs of the people of color is strong upon me," he wrote his mother after visiting a small Negro school in a rural community in South Carolina. The conviction that he must take an active part in the cause of Negro education led him to become, in the following year, the president of the Board of Directors of the Manassas Industrial School in Virginia and to support the work at Tuskegee Institute in Alabama under the direction of Booker T. Washington.

By 1908, Villard was beginning to visualize a program of wider scope than that offered by the industrial schools. He had an idea that the colored people should band together under a common "clan" in the support of a large national organization for their defense. He wanted the organization to be incorporated and to raise money by securing gifts and bequests. A central defense committee would employ lawyers to prosecute lynchers, take cases of discrimination into the courts, agitate for the restoration of civil rights where denied, and to act as a publicity bureau to get facts and statistics to public attention. He believed that a united Negro population would support this project; and he hoped that the celebration by the colored people of the fiftieth anniversary of John Brown's death might inspire its birth.

IT WAS NOT the John Brown celebration, however, that stimulated the formation of the kind of organization Villard had in mind, but the outbreak of race riots in Springfield, Illinois, in August, 1908. It was a particularly horrifying event; two persons were lynched, six others killed and over fifty wounded before 4,000 militiamen were able to gain control after two days of riots.

Villard expressed his indignation in an editorial in the *Evening Post*. He looked upon the outbreak as the climax of a wave of crime and lawlessness that was sweeping the country, and he was incensed that lynchings and anti-Negro riots should occur in the home city of Abraham Lincoln.

An even stronger protest came from William English Walling in *The Independent*. Walling was a wealthy Southerner, a settlement-house worker and Socialist who, with Jane Addams and Lillian Wald, had founded the National Woman's Trade Union League. He was shocked that the press and public opinion should accept race hatred and warfare as inevitable in a Northern city, and he appealed to the nation to meet this attack on the principles of democracy.

His challenge brought instant response from Mary White Ovington, a social worker among Negroes in New York City. She was a Socialist, a Unitarian and the descendant of an abolitionist. She prevailed upon Walling to hold a meeting at his apartment early in January, 1909. They were joined by Dr. Henry Moskovitz, another New York social worker. Miss Ovington later reminisced, "We like to remember that of the three people present, one was the descendant of an old-time abolitionist, the second was a Jew, and the third a Southerner."

At the first informal gathering it was decided that Lincoln's Birthday should mark the opening of their campaign, and it was agreed that Villard should be invited to join the group. Miss Ovington knew Villard and had written articles for the *Evening Post*. Walling had already enlisted the support of his friend, Charles Edward Russell, a popular magazine writer and fellow-Socialist whose father had been editor of an abolitionist newspaper in Iowa. Almost immediately, on the initiative of Miss Ovington, the group was made biracial with the addition of two prominent colored clergymen, Bishop Alexander Walters and the Reverend W. H. Brooks.

Villard accepted the invitation with enthusiasm. Here was the opportunity to carry out his idea of a defense committee. He plunged into rewriting the rough draft of the call for a conference and he asked his uncle, William Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, to endorse it, assuring him there was "nothing in it that a Garrison should hesitate to sign."

In spite of Villard's strenuous efforts to obtain publicity for his manifesto, he was disappointed by the reaction of the New York press. Nevertheless, the group continued to expand. Among those who attended early meetings to plan for a "Conference on the Status of the Negro" were John Haynes Holmes, William H. Bulkley, Alexander Irving, Anna Garlin Spencer, J. C. Phelps-Stokes, Helen Stokes, Stephen S. Wise and Ray Stannard Baker.

The conference was held at the end of May, 1909. Discussions and lectures centered on the rights of the Negro to political equality (without which he could not raise his economic or social status); methods for obtaining civil and political rights through organization, and scientific evidence refuting the prevailing popular theory of Negro racial inferiority.

THE DIRECTION of the conference was largely in Villard's hands. In his speech to the open meeting, he elaborated on his idea of an endowed committee, and at the closed business session at the end of the conference he presented a practical outline of his plan for departments of legal advice, social investigation, publicity, political propaganda and education. The resolutions passed by the meeting to give publicity to its purposes were to have been drafted in advance by Walling, but were actually rewritten and completed by Villard while the preamble was being read to the assembly. The most important resolution called for a Committee of Forty to set up a permanent organization and to arrange for another convention in 1910. Again it was Villard who had drawn up the list of names to fill this committee. The nominating committee, however, made drastic changes in an attempt to avoid aligning the Committee of Forty with either radicals or conservatives, omitting the names of Washington and his supporters as well as those of Washington's severest critics.

Disagreement on the floor of the meeting over the resolutions and the nominations was due partly to deep mistrust by the colored people of the motives of the whites and partly to factional strife among themselves. The suspicion and hostility reached such proportions that at one point

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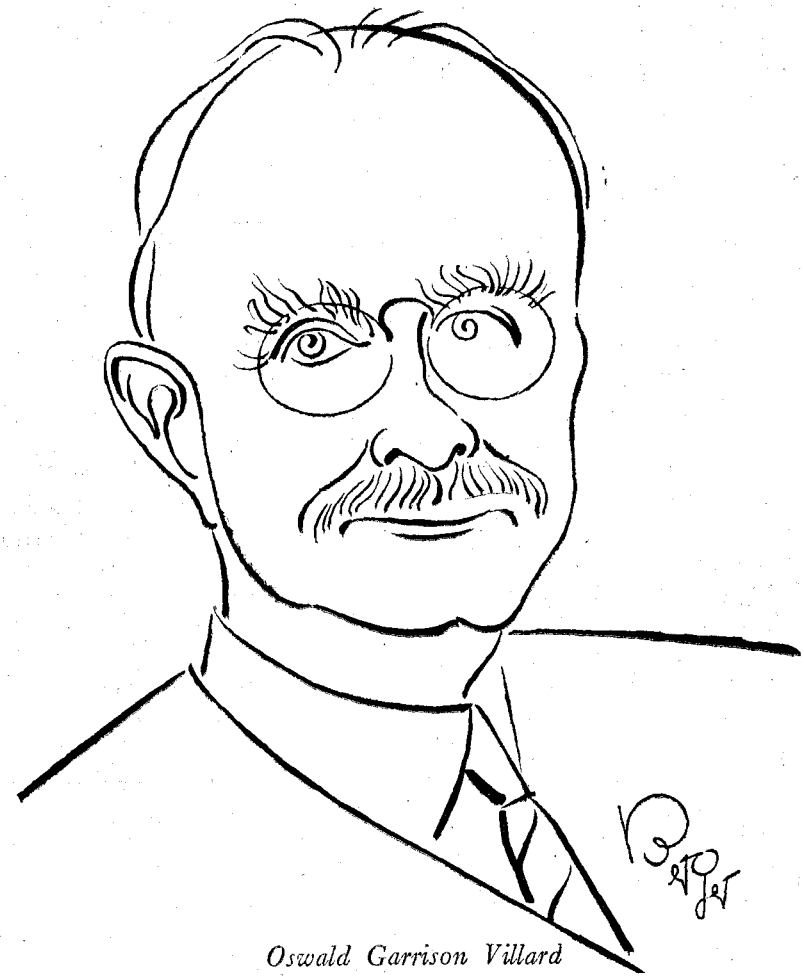
Villard and Walling seriously considered withdrawing the whole plan and continuing the work as they saw fit.

Villard had personally invited Washington to attend the conference, but after making it clear that the new movement would be aggressive in its fight for Negro rights, he tactfully made it possible for the Negro leader to decline the invitation. Washington acknowledged the need for the projected organization, but pointed out that because his own work was in the South, he must as far as possible keep himself free of criticism. Such was his influence on loyal Negroes and on prominent whites in sympathy with his point of view that they avoided the conference when he failed to give it public approval.



Oswald Garrison Villard

BY AUTUMN of 1909, the Committee of Forty had begun to plan the next annual meeting in New York.

Villard became temporary chairman in November, succeeding Walling, who had resigned. Little headway was made during the fall and winter. Meetings were poorly attended; some prominent members resigned because of Washington's disapproval; funds were lacking and a suitable treasurer could not be found; no speakers were secured for the conference; and Villard's plan of organization had not been implemented. The only definite step was the hiring of a professional worker. Returning from a vacation at the end of February, 1910, Villard realized that his project was near disintegration. Within ten days he launched a series of special meetings, set up a Preliminary Committee on Permanent Organization with himself as chairman, settled the main outline of the conference with "Disfranchisement" as its theme, and secured contributions to ease the financial situation. Villard himself donated the organizer's salary for several months and provided office space in the *Evening Post* building.

The report of the preliminary committee was accepted by the business meeting of the conference, which opened in New York on May 12, 1910. The permanent organization consisted of a national Committee of One Hundred whose function was to raise funds and lend prestige to the parent body. Moorfield Storey of Boston, constitutional lawyer and anti-imperialist, was named national president. An Executive Committee was chosen with Walling again as chairman, John E. Milholland, treasurer, and Villard, disbursing treasurer. The organization was officially named The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

At an executive session of the newly formed NAACP, held on the last day of the conference, it was decided to concentrate efforts on an aggressive campaign of publicity and investigation, with Du Bois as National Secretary and Chairman of the Executive Committee. Because of the protest of Miss Blascoer, who was directing the organizational work, Villard secured a further change which led to Du Bois' becoming Director of Publicity and Research instead.

The engaging of Du Bois marked the culmination of a tug of war that had been going on during the first year between conservatives and radicals within the organization. Now there was no longer any attempt to balance the two factions. With the enthusiastic support of Villard, Du Bois proceeded at once to publish *The Crisis*. Its growth was phenomenal, for through its pages the fiery editor gave leadership and inspiration to the colored people of the country.

Even before the conference, Villard had taken Washington to task in an *Evening Post* editorial, aligning himself with Du Bois and the radicals. In effect, he served notice that the new organization would take a forthright stand in opposition to the compromising policies and program of Washington.

IN THE meantime, the organization took root outside of New York City. As early as October, 1909, the nucleus of a branch had appeared in Boston, where Villard and his uncles arranged a Garrison memorial meeting to bring together those who were interested. Out of this celebration grew the Boston Committee to Ad-

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vance the Cause of the Negro which, in 1911, became a branch of the NAACP. Mass meetings in Chicago, Cleveland and Buffalo during the autumn of 1910 served to spread the movement.

By the end of 1910, it was apparent that the Constitution League, which had been doing the NAACP's legal work, was not meeting the association's needs. The league failed to make headway with the Pink Franklin case, and Villard assumed control. This was a peonage case involving an illiterate farm hand, Pink Franklin, who had unintentionally killed a sheriff sent to arrest him for an alleged violation of an agricultural contract. Villard appealed to Booker T. Washington for aid and Washington suggested a program of action which the association carried out. This, in addition to President Taft's intercession on the prisoner's behalf—secured by Villard through Charles Dyer Norton, Assistant Treasurer of the United States, who had married into the Garrison family—led to the commutation of Franklin's sentence. As a result of this success and the failure of the Constitution League, the association adopted Villard's recommendation that a legal-redress department be established. Villard's Committee on Program was assigned the problem of organizing this department and formulating a plan of action.

Villard was also given the responsibility of carrying out the incorporation of the association, which was accomplished on June 19, 1911; and he became the first Chairman of the board, a position he held until 1914. Thus did he bring to fruition his plans for a committee which would aggressively champion the wrongs of the Negro race. That he was able to realize his dream was evidence of his ability as an organizer, his power of persuasion and the influence of his social and business position. The magic of the Garrison name won him respect and confidence in the Negro world shared by few white men. His dominating personality, however, made him intolerant of anyone who questioned his command. Within a few years of the founding of the association, when his authority as board chairman was challenged by Du Bois in the operation of *The Crisis*, Villard withdrew almost completely from the work. When he retired from active leadership, however, the "new abolition movement" was well under way. The association had expanded to twenty-four branches and three thousand members. It was, in the words of Du Bois, "out of debt, aggressive, and full of faith."

HOW TO BUILD A SLUM . . *by Timothy J. Cooney*

IT MIGHT BE felt that in the richest nation on earth—indeed, in one that has been accused of sacrificing the "truly important" for physical comfort and good health—the building of a slum would be a next-to-impossible task. Fortunately, however, in this welfare age the United States is still a land of opportunity. If you are willing to work and have a bit of that old American know-how, there are limitless horizons to be found in slum-building. In this brief article I would like to offer encouragement to those who are considering entering the field and outline certain steps that must be taken in the development of a first-class slum. For the purpose of illustration I shall refer to examples from New York City—my own city, where much fine work is being done.

Experts in the field recognize three opponents to successful slum development. They are: (1) old-fashioned, unimaginative landlords; (2) municipal ordinances and regulations; (3) the ghost of equal opportunity. Ironically, despite the fact that Opponent (3) is only a phantasma, it is potentially the most dangerous. Let us develop an imaginary slum and face each opponent as we come upon it.

The slum-builder must begin with a city with a tight housing market and a population of at least a hundred thousand. The bigger the city and the tighter the housing market, the better the chance of a good slum (but there is no reason to leave your own city simply because it doesn't have the population of a New York or Chicago—fine work has been done in smaller communities). The next job is to choose a particular area for slum development. Your goal should be to turn at least three-quarters of your city into a slum, but for several reasons it is necessary to begin with a particular area. Furthermore, it is important that this area be one of your city's most attractive, white, residential sections; if possible one that has qualities that make it "intrinsically desirable." For example, slum-builders in New York City showed amazing courage—matched only by their success—in attacking the famed Morningside Heights area. What was done to Morningside Heights—"intrinsically desirable" with its park, view of the Hudson River and Columbia University campus—is a credit to the profession. There is not only an increased sense of achievement in ruining a nice area, but, of practical importance, there is the psychologically devastating effect—if it could happen there, it could happen everywhere. The ruination of a nice area serves to break down the will to resist further slum development.

Having chosen a site, the next step is to choose a particular apartment building. At this point you probably will face your first opponent—the old-fashioned, unimaginative landlord. Basically, this type of landlord (happily fast disappearing) is an opponent to slum development because (1) he adheres to the "keeping up the property" fallacy; (2) he tends to be squeamish. The

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"keeping up the property" fallacy is that in apartment-house ownership, as in other forms of business, it is necessary to repair and maintain one's property, in order to assure profit. The fact is that if Opponents (2) and (3) can be licked and we can build our slum, there is *more* profit to be realized from a deteriorating apartment building than from one that is kept in repair. In the beginning, this fact, so contrary to common sense, can only be grasped by the imaginative landlord.

Yet even if the landlord can grasp "keeping up the property" as a fallacy, he may be troubled by a certain squeamishness. Neighbors have a way of making the landlord who is preparing his property for slum development uncomfortable. Consequently, you, the slum-developer, are most apt to find enlightenment among those landlords who do not live on or even near their property. The absentee landlord's appreciation of the added income that a slum property will bring is inviolable; it cannot be spoiled by the stares and old-fashioned ways of his neighbors. If you find a landlord who can comprehend the irrefutable logic of this, you may proceed; if such a landlord cannot be found, you may have to purchase and develop the first slum building yourself. In either case, all that is needed is one building to get the ball rolling.

THE NEXT STEP is to take apartments, as they become vacant, and divide them into many "apartments" of one room each. These new "apartments" must now be rented to members of minority groups (preferably Negroes) with families. The "apartments" must be rented to these people regardless of who else wants them or what others are willing to pay. The importance of renting to minority families cannot be overemphasized. As we shall see in a moment, they are the key to successful slum development and they reward the landlord with a "special bonus."

Once the building is 50 per cent rented, all services and maintenance must be stopped. Heat and hot water must all but be done away with. The savings to the landlord will be considerable. The effect on neighboring buildings will be immediate. The most old-fashioned landlord will begin to appreciate the fact, even if he doesn't like it, that there is much money to be made by stopping all repairs and services. The "keeping up the property" fallacy should begin to crumble.

At this point, however, two things will happen. Opponent (2) will appear, and those living in the building of the enlightened landlord will want to move out.

Opponent (2) will rear its bureaucratic head in the form of health, fire and building regulations; but its bark is worse than its bite. There are a number of factors working in favor of the landlord who will not be intimidated. Regulations do not enforce themselves; men enforce them—and men, as the New York example has shown, can be bought. If the inspectors become greedy, it may be cheaper for the landlord to pay the trivial fines that are imposed. Such is the extent of the "keeping up the property" fallacy that—with the one exception of arson—there are no substantive laws hampering the landlord who has conscientiously decided to let his property go to pot. However, at this point it may be advisable for you, as a public-spirited slum-builder, to go directly to the politician and soft-head types with the plea, "If every silly rule and regulation is enforced, where will these poor unfortunates live?" This argument is sure fire and does much to take the pressure off enlightened, though timid, landlords.

Naturally those living in the deteriorating buildings will want to move. Despite some helpful and popular stereotypes to the contrary, no one likes to live in a slum. Now however, our original planning will begin to pay off, provided we can lick our third and final opponent. In every American city there are exclusive, white, residential sections—even white, Protestant sections—maintained by statute, agreement or custom. The slum-developer must do all within his power to still the ghost of equal opportunity that threatens this American institution. The all-white sections are essential to successful slum development. They must be maintained (until we decide to turn *them* into slums). The reason is obvious. With a "whites only" barricade (or other slums) surrounding our developing slum, there will be no escape for our selected tenants. Their color and ancestry will trap them.

IN A country where little children hear tell of the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights, Opponent (3) will always be a threat. But this ghost—and surely it is no more than that—should be no match for a cunning, living body of bigotry. If we will sustain the bigotry, it will sustain our ghetto-slum. And with our ghetto-slum thriving, it will be time for the landlords to realize their "special bonus." *They may begin to raise their rents.* Impossible? Not at all. It is only in those naive books on how to manage a budget that families are advised to spend but a fifth of their income on rent. In 1957, Governor Harriman of New York made a tour of Harlem and discovered that Negroes, living in highly developed one- and two-room slum "apartments," were paying $20 to $25 a week per room. If they didn't like the price for what they were getting, they were free to drop dead. The ghetto is a seller's paradise.

What landlord can resist the lure of the slums once the facts are known? Contrary to current mouthings, there is much money to be made in bigotry.

The slum we have been considering is now, for all practical purposes, complete. It just requires aging. The ambitious slum-builder will move on to new areas and even new cities. The keys to successful slum development are a tight housing market, enlightened landlords, graft, avarice and, most important of all, plenty of Americans whom other Americans don't want to live next to. If we can just maintain an environment in which this happy combination can flourish there is no reason why, in time, every city in America can't have a substantial slum. The task is a challenge in such a wealthy country as ours, but it is a challenge that men are successfully meeting every day of the year.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

What Do They Read in Tokyo?

Donald Richie

AS IN most countries, there is in Japan little correlation between what is written and what is read; there is, in fact, small difference between the reading habits of Japan and, say, America. Students have assured me, in tones laden with shame, that "more than half of the Japanese read nothing at all," at the same time asserting that they themselves are positively omnivorous in their reading habits. When I say that I always see people in buses and trains reading newspapers and magazines, they reply: "Oh, we thought you meant books."

Japan, and I am guessing, must publish more magazines and newspapers than any other country in the world. I know many people who read four newspapers a day and ten or twelve magazines a week. Of the weeklies, the *Shukan Asahi* or *Shukan Shincho* may be taken as typical. Both certainly represent the reading tastes of the great middle class, since combined they are Japan's nearest equivalent to *Collier's*. Both contain fiction, and the principal attractions are usually one period story and one modern story, both by name writers. The latter, though varying in quality, is perhaps best represented by Genji Keita, a writer who specializes in the "comic" story about white-collar workers: the young section chief who discovers that the boss really has a heart after all and ends up with the president's daughter.

The period stories are perhaps the more widely followed. Here too a handful has the monopoly and by far the most famous (perhaps the most famous living author in Japan) is Eiji Yoshikawa, whose *Miyamoto Musashi* (basis for the film which won an Academy Award under the title of *Samurai*) has been called a "modern classic," and whose *Shin Heike Monogatari* (New Tales of the Taira Clan), having been made into three full-length films, has been followed for years by almost all of that half of the Japanese that reads.

Ryunosuke Akutagawa. *Rashomon.* Liveright. $2.50.

Osamu Dazai. *No Longer Human.* New Directions. $3.
The Setting Sun. New Directions. $3.

Yasunari Kawabata. *Snow Country.* Alfred A. Knopf. $3.
Thousand Cranes. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

Yukio Mishima. *Confessions of a Mask.* New Directions. $3.75.
The Sound of Waves. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.
Five Modern No Plays. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

Soseki Natsume. *Kokoro.* Tuttle. $2.50.

Junichiro Tanizaki. *The Makioka Sisters.* Alfred A. Knopf. $4.95.
Some Prefer Nettles. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

Eiji Yoshikawa. *The Heike Story.* Alfred A. Knopf. $5.95.

The West knows little of such writers, just as Japan knew very little of Edna Ferber until James Dean did *Giant*, though Yoshikawa's rewriting of the Taira stories has been issued in English as *The Heike Story*. At first appearance abroad, Yoshikawa was called the Kenneth Roberts of Japan but this is an unfair evaluation: Roberts was always fairly careful as to characterization and historical detail, while Yoshikawa is innocent of any such intention.

The great middle class also reads elsewhere. Among higher-brow publications are such as the *Bungei Shunju* (Literary Climate) which is much as the *Atlantic* is now. A bit higher is the *Chuo Koron* (Central Review), which is much as the *Atlantic* used to be. This latter magazine publishes an amount of serious writing, not only such landed classics as Yasunari Kawabata and Junichiro Tanizaki but also such comparative newcomers as Yukio Mishima. It is in publications like this that the great unlettered middle class slops over into the intellectual.

In Japan the intellectual class means mainly the student class. One hears a lot about Japanese ditch-diggers who read Dostoevski and farmers who pause in their labors to pen a swift *haiku*, but I've never met one and, come to think of it, have only heard about them from other foreigners. Thus I'm inclined to suspect a Lafcadio Hearn-type chimera. At any rate, it is the intellectuals who read the literature of the country, and in Japan to be intellectual is to be young. One reason is that enthusiasm and the world of widening horizons which occurs upon entering college is contagious and few things are more pleasant than to overhear one student breathlessly telling another all about the charms of *The Tale of Genji*, as though it had been written yesterday. Another reason, and one less pleasant, is that the period of intellectuality often lasts only as long as school does. This is obviously true all over the world; of note is merely the fact that in Japan the espousal is sometimes complete, the renunciation often final.

THE Japanese — intellectual or not — must spend his time between two worlds: the traditional world and the Western world. Thus every Japanese intellectual comes equipped with double standards. A realization of this will clear him of the oft-leveled charge of hypocrisy, though it does not quite absolve him of the less repeated accusation: intellectual dishonesty.

Therefore, one of the first things to take into account in examining any Japanese idea of anything Japanese is to remember the obvious: it — book, play, poem, person — *is* Japanese and for that reason alone the Japanese themselves tend to make a special nook in their minds for it. *Ikebana* is never to be compared with mere flower arranging as the West knows it; *chanoyu* is not to be confused with that pleasant English custom of afternoon tea.

So, Japanese literature is treated with a kind of respect which, one would think, argues against its being even read, much less enjoyed. Still, read it is, and in vast quantities. The West should be able to remember back to a like state of affairs. In America, for example, there were decades upon end when social conspiracy demanded that Washington Irving be thought not only an entertaining but a great writer. America had no one else and so poor Irving was it. Further, he was found to be just as good as anyone else. One may still read, in old literary histories, references to "America's Smollett."

In Japan the traditional literary cul-

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ture is choice but narrow, and the new literary culture is not even a century old. Thus the search for parallels is untiring and has become *the* literary parlor game: *Monzaemon Chikamatsu*; that is, "the Japanese Shakespeare."

Take, for example, Soseki Natsume, the great Meiji period novelist, whom many Japanese find their single most rewarding writer and who is still probably the most widely read serious novelist in the country. He used to be called the George Meredith of Japan until it was discovered that most foreigners no longer knew who George Meredith was. Now he is called the Henry James of Japan, a comparison evocative though not too rich in meaning, since few Japanese have ever been able to read Henry James. Still, Natsume is rich in psychological complexity — a quality relatively rare in a Japanese writer — is interested in form and texture, and shares both these qualities with such writers as James, Meredith and Flaubert. Any reader of, say, *Kokoro*, will see the resemblance.

Ryunosuke Akutagawa, whose world fame rests in the fact that he wrote the stories upon which the film *Rashomon* was based, plays Maupassant to Natsume's Flaubert; though his stories resist the easy irony of the Frenchman, and his longest work, the satirical allegory *Kappa* (ostensibly about Japanese trolls but actually about the Japanese themselves) is far more bitter than anything Maupassant ever did.

Kafu Nagai occupies a rather special position: no one attempts to provide a parallel. Once when playing the parlor game and my informant having dismissed writer after writer as being "shallow," I finally asked if there was anyone who was not. He thought for a time and then said: "Yes, one. Nagai is not." But then he hastened to explain that I, being foreign, could doubtless not appreciate the way in which he was not. But the Western reader of *Sumidagawa* (The River Sumida) will understand, if not recognize, the quality, the poetic evocation, the concern for sensory impression. We have something like it in painting if not in literature. In a way we can see Nagai in Seurat.

THE Great Classic need not be dead, since Japan, unlike the West, tends to deify men who are still living. Not so long ago one of the head puppeteers of the Bunraku was named a Living National Treasure. Thus, Junichiro Tanizaki, after having enjoyed a long, fruitful and varied career, now finds himself a legend and among the immortals.

His, in a way, is the classic Japanese literary life. He started out very Western, all automobiles and modern girls. Now he is coming full circle to the Noh and the tea ceremony. The Japanese themselves find this spectacle unfailingly refreshing, though, as D. J. Enright has remarked, it actually makes one doubt just how far the returned ever went in the first direction. Sections from Tanizaki's parabola are visible to the West in the earlier *Tade Kuu Mushi* (Some Prefer Nettles) and the later *Sasame Yuki* (The Makioka Sisters).

Yasunari Kawabata is now just petrifying into immortality, despite the fact that (unlike the retiring Tanizaki) he is still active and headed the recent P.E.N. Congress in Tokyo. The Japanese find *Yuki Guni* (Snow Country) his most rewarding book. He too defies the parlor game. Recently I was playing it with Yoshimori Harashima, a Japanese professor of American literature who is also an acute and perceptive critic. We were trying to define Kawabata's quality and eventually Mr. Harashima said: "Well, I know one thing: he is the opposite of Theodore Dreiser."

Yukio Mishima and the late Osamu Dazai are relatively well-known in the West. Dazai's most popular book, *Ningen Skikkaku* (No Longer Human), commanded a split audience, high-school boys and girls and serious intellectuals, his particular brand of postwar anarchy appealing equally to both, just as Raymond Raduiguet appeals apparently equally to *N.R.F.* subscribers and to shopgirls. Mishima's early work, notably *Kamen no Kokuhaku* (Confesssions of a Mask) was also devoured by the youngsters, though treated with a more wary respect by more mature readers, not used to such honesty in the first-person novel. His later work, the Noh Plays and *Kinkakuji* (The Golden Temple) show the beginnings of the curve noticeable in Tanizaki's works.

THE Japanese intellectuals read Western literature too. They are, in fact, about the only Japanese who do, except for the middle-brow fans of Dorothy Sayers and the science-fiction addicts. Here too, however, one finds a kind of selectivity at work. The French and the Russians are favored and it is Tolstoy who ranks as a popular foreign classic. And the most popular Tolstoy is not *War and Peace* (or wasn't until the film version arrived) but *Resurrection* and *The Kreutzer Sonata*. In the same way, it is Gide who is read and not Malraux and, at that, *La Porte étroite* and not *Les caves du Vatican*.

What the Japanese read, actually, are those books which tend to support a view of life which, being theirs, is intrinsically Japanese. *La Porte étroite* is a very Japanese novel, just as the schoolgirl's favorite movie, *Un Carnet du bal* (forever being revived) is a very Japanese film.

For this reason, it is difficult to take the whole question of foreign influence too seriously — the Japanese invariably choose only those foreign elements which they think complement what already exists. Though this also happens to include rock-and-roll, one explanation is that Japan, forming its culture bit by bit as it has traditionally done, has now reached the point where rock-and-roll is a logical extension.

Foreign influence exists but is now so all-pervasive that it is virtually fused with what writers themselves might prefer to call a native impulse. Any writer dealing with contemporary Japan must necessarily be writing of foreign influence; any Japanese novelist purporting to present an accurate picture of his time and place must necessarily show that the digestion of this influence is a part of Japan.

The undigested influence still exists.

Lost Voices

1.
Far from willow-home and flow of fountains,
Silent, the water-lark
Hearkens in awe to the yellow
Fear-fox and the snake of sorrow.

2.
In this shell a bell called across water
Once. I will wait for it
Till I am shrivelled like some dried
Mud-flat waiting for the tide.

3.
Many silences besides do not return
Any more than the stars
That fell before we were born.

W. S. Merwin

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Edogawa Rampo, though not Literature, took not only his style and subject but also his name from Edgar Allan Poe — as you will discover by pronouncing it slowly over to yourself. Still, this sort of thing is, in the literary world at any rate, blessedly rare. Much more common is the thoughtful, the successful fusion between something Western and something Japanese. When Mishima was working on *Shiosai* (Sound of Waves), he told me that he had recently heard for the first time the complete *Daphnis et Chlöe* of Ravel and that that had led him to Longus. Reading the Greek romance, he had decided that he wanted to do something like it — and this he did. Thus, while imitating nothing, he availed himself of the cultural reservoir which belongs to all of us, while retaining his separate national entity.

This, I might add, is just the kind of statement that the more militant Japanese intellectuals would argue against. They find Mishima "Western" — just as they find Western any experimentalist — film director Akira Kurosawa, for example. For them the native impulse is the thing and many lesser writers (I have contented myself with parlor games with the best) are read because they are Japanese, just as we used to *read Hawthorne only because he was* American.

That serious Japanese writing reaches only this relatively small section of the population is to be deplored just as it is to be deplored in America, England, or France. Yet I must add that, perhaps because so many newspapers and magazines are read, the average Japanese seems to me much better informed about any number of things than, say, the average American. Literally everyone in the country, whether he has read a line of them or not, knows who Mishima is, has heard the name of Kawabata. The majority of Americans do not know who Truman Capote is and have never heard of Faulkner. I do not mean to suggest that this knowledgeability is anything but superficial but it does exist and, along with it, a healthy respect for literature as such.

The Mathematical Limit

THE UNNAMABLE. By Samuel Beckett. Grove Press. 179 pp. $3.50. Evergreen Original. $1.45.

Vivian Mercier

ONE OF my pedagogical dreams is to entice a really good mathematician into a course where I teach Beckett. In return for a guaranteed A, said mathematician would be required to express each of Beckett's novels and plays as an equation and then draw the corresponding curve. In some cases it would undoubtedly be easier to represent the book graphically first and thence work back to the equation or function which would represent it algebraically.

This is not such a crackpot idea as it probably sounds: in the first place, Beckett's novels — especially *Murphy* and *Watt* — contain numerous references to mathematical concepts; in the second place, his poem *Whoroscope* and the notes thereto suggest that he at one time intended to write a doctoral thesis on Descartes, whose mathematical achievements are alluded to in both poem and notes.

Beckett almost certainly studied no mathematics in Trinity College, Dublin; as an "honor student" in modern languages he would in effect have majored in that field throughout his four years. Thus, it may be possible to locate all Beckett's mathematical themes within the covers of Hall and Knight's *Algebra*, the bible of math teachers in Irish and British prep schools. Although the American edition before me is entitled *Algebra for Colleges and Schools*, Beckett quite possibly worked through the entire book or its equivalent before leaving Portora Royal School.

We are primarily concerned here with *The Unnamable* and with *Watt*, soon to appear in this country (Grove Press); but let's glance at the other novels for a moment. The title character of *Murphy* is described as a "surd," *i.e.*, a quantity that cannot be expressed in rational numbers. However, the easiest way of representing this novel algebraically is to let Murphy himself equal x. Then all the other characters are functions (in the mathematical sense) of x such that when x equals zero (*i.e.*, when Murphy dies), they all become equal to zero too, although they do not die. Without Murphy they are nothing. *Molloy*, on the other hand, can most easily be represented graphically: the curves for both Molloy and his co-actor, Moran, will be circles or ellipses, since both characters eventually return to the points from which they started. The curves do not intersect: if Molloy and Moran meet at all, they do so only once, and the two curves will be tangential to each other. *Malone Dies* could probably be represented as a parabolic curve from nothingness back to nothingness.

WHETHER by a fortunate accident or through deliberate design on Beckett's part, the Paris editions of *Watt* and *The Unnamable* were first published in the same year. That is to say, the first edition in English of *Watt* (written in English and completed in 1945) appeared in Paris in 1953, the same year as the first edition in French of *The Unnamable* (originally written in French and now translated by Beckett himself). Now the first New York editions of both are appearing within a few months of each other, as if to remind us once more of the similarities hidden beneath their marked differences of surface and texture.

Exasperating and fragmented, *Watt* consists mainly of third-person narrative; touching and unified, *The Unnamable* consists entirely of first-person stream of consciousness. Both novels, however, explore existence on the frontier between Being and Not-Being.

Watt — a typical Beckett character, almost a cipher but not quite — makes his way to the house of a Mr. Knott and becomes a servant there; later, he leaves; still later, he gives a scrambled account of his sojourn to Sam, who meets him in an institution. Although Mr. Knott presents the most varied appearances and has the oddest habits, at the core of him — as his punning name implies — there is only Not-Being, *le néant*:

> In empty hush, in airless gloom, Mr. Knott abode, in the large room set aside for his exclusive enjoyment, and that of his attendant. And from it this ambience followed him forth, and when he moved, in the house, in the garden, with him moved, dimming all, dulling all, stilling all, numbing all, where he passed.

Watt's career might be represented graphically as the curve of a function which diminishes until it approaches zero and then gradually increases again. Watt's very name (What?) suggests that he is the variable (or unknown quantity) x of which his career is the function. Neither x nor $f(x)$ is ever equal to zero, just as Watt never quite identifies himself with Knott.

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I have called *Watt* "exasperating"; the principal exasperation for the reader of this book arises from Beckett's apparent obsession with what mathematicians call "permutations and combinations." In Beckett's first novel, Murphy is once overwhelmed by the thought that it is possible to eat five dissimilar biscuits in any one of 120 different orders (*i.e.*, 5 x 4 x 3 x 2 x 1 arrrangements). In *Watt*, wherever the possibility of permutations or combinations occurs, Beckett writes out the alternatives in full. For example, a passage describing Mr. Knott's footwear begins like this:

> As for his feet, sometimes he wore on each a sock, or on the one a sock and on the other a stocking, or a boot, or a shoe, or a slipper, or a sock and boot, or a sock and shoe, or a sock and slipper, or a stocking and boot, or a shoe, or a slipper, or a sock and and slipper, or nothing at all. And sometimes he wore on each a stocking, or. . . .

This expansion in words of a single mathematical expression goes on for a page and a half. Other examples run to two pages or even more.

WHAT can be the purpose of such pedantry? I think Beckett's intention is to underline the fact that although existence presents us with a far greater variety of choices than we commonly realize, these choices are ultimately finite and calculable. Beckett is perhaps only less fascinated by limits than he is by permutations and combinations. A character in *Murphy* is the author of a book called *The Doctrine of the Limit*. I would remind the reader that the word "limit" is a technical term in mathematics: for instance, the sum of the series $1 + 1/2 + 1/4 + 1/8 + 1/16 + \ldots$ to n terms can never be greater than 2; 2 is called the "limit" of the sum when n is infinite. In both *Watt* and *The Unnamable* Beckett appears to be searching for the limit of the novel — and perhaps even for that of existence itself.

Any attempt to represent *The Unnamable* graphically must, I think, begin with the assumption that the book's entire curve falls within the third quadrant, where the x and y coordinates are both negative throughout. Up to this point I have assumed that the mathematical equivalent of Not-Being is simply zero, but I don't think this view is either philosophically or mathematically sound. At any rate, it would hardly make sense to represent a book of 179 pages graphically by a single point; a third-quadrant curve of some length seems far more appropriate. While denying his existence — or rather, proclaiming his "inexistence" — the Unnamable proves very loquacious; the words of an inexistent being can surely be better represented as a negative quantity than as zero.

TRUE, the Unnamable refuses to admit that these words and the thoughts they form are his own. He claims instead that these are spoken for him by a mysterious "they" to convince him that he exists. (Note how Beckett circumvents his master Descartes' "I think; therefore I am.") However, he is willing to be convinced, if only because he wants to die and be at peace: until he has existed, he cannot very well die. And to exist, one must first possess a self. But who is that self? Was I Mahood? he wonders; am I Worm? He cannot give a satisfactory answer. Nor can he say with confidence that he was not-Mahood, that he is not-Worm. He tries to define self by establishing the limits of the not-self, but this turns out to be equally impossible:

> How is it the people do not notice me? I seem to exist for none but Madeleine. . . . The flies vouch for me, if you like, but how far? Would they not settle with equal appetite on a lump of cowshit? No, as long as this point is not cleared up to my satisfaction, or as long as I am not distinguished by some sense organs other than Madeleine's, it will be impossible for me to believe . . . the things that are told about me.

Clearly, such a book can end only if the Unnamable consents to exist, just as many a more usual novel ends when the protagonist consents to die. In fact, Beckett does not end *The Unnamable*, which closes with the words "I can't go on, I'll go on." The Unnamable's interior monologue may go on to infinity, for all we know. If it were to, we might describe this novel as a curve having one of its axes as an asymptote. In other words, as y (the length of the novel) approached infinity, x (the content of the novel) would approach nearer and nearer to zero. Content zero, length infinity — these are the mathematical limits of the novel. While indicating them to us in *The Unnamable*, Beckett has had the discretion not to approach them closely. It is an extraordinary achievement.

Exercise. Having read the above, try to represent graphically the action of *Waiting for Godot* — the play in which nothing happens, twice.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IT IS perhaps unfortunate in the present circumstance that I saw the Japanese *Rashomon* when it was shown in 1951. It was a beautiful film which combined a pessimistic skepticism with the most exquisitely tender visual artistry. There was a broken-hearted humbleness in the realism with which the beggarly narrator and his two companions—a disaffected Buddhist priest and a doglike wig-maker—were depicted, a realism coupled by the most acutely sensitive stylization of image in the body of the narration.

The story, you may remember, dealt with a rape and a murder which were recounted in four different and contradictory ways—three of them, fabrications, contained a near-tragic note of epic bestiality or pathos; the fourth, in a tone of savagely hilarious irony, established the facts of the case. The final moments suggested that humanity is a sorry species. The bitterness of this conclusion was alleviated by the subtlety of the treatment, an aesthetic relationship to the material that etherealized its brutality with a strange beauty—both painful and sweet—inspiring something between disgust and a graceful though drooping defeatedness. I am also inclined to believe that the makers of the picture were aiming at a satire on the discrepancy between the prettifying tendencies of Japanese idealism and brute reality. One could react to the picture with either some resistance to the bonelessness and cruelty of its philosophic temper or with deep admiration for the extreme refinement of its craftsmanship.

Fay and Michael Kanin have made a play of the film (Music Box) and it has been given an elaborate and intricate production by Peter Glenville who has cast it with a number of good actors.

Why has this stage dramatization been undertaken? The film was not "exotic"—it was organic to a way of life, thought and feeling. The production *is* exotic—but not Japanese; it is American in dialogue, complicated and lush (or plush) in setting, Austrian, Russian, Hebrew, English, mid-Western and nondescript in accent. Except for a sword fight, undertaken by actors who are absurdly amateurish by comparison with Japanese actors, all of whom are thoroughly trained in this almost ritual exercise, the production does not attempt any approximation of the Japanese manner.

What prompted this production was the lure of theatricality, in which no doubt many spectators will be caught. But theatricality—in the positive sense of the word—must have a base in authentic feeling and sensibility. It is something which grows from the nature of a group of artists; it is not something to be applied to material. The specific theatricality of *Rashomon* as a stage piece does not arise from a temperament or a point of view; it is "show"—and ultimately *industry*. We get two visibly revolving stages, an elevator stage, a rain effect on the upper left hand of the stage, a profusion of luxurious foliage, towering bamboo stalks backed by projections of the same on the cyclorama, sound effects indicating animal and bird life, pseudo-oriental music which turns into schmaltzy Western music when the play is supposed to soften to tears, and a great deal of old-fashioned acting.

What beside the possible fascination of its relative intricacy—relative that is to the ordinary Broadway play—does all this mean, what does it convey? Art? But art—even in the most abused of arts, the theatre—must always possess a content, it must signify a sense of life that extends beyond itself into the world and into our souls. This—and I am almost ashamed to point out the obvious—is as true of a canvas by Mondrian as of a statue by Phidias, of a production of a *Noh* play as of a musical like *Show Boat*.

Still, there is the plot and design of the original *Rashomon*: yes, but a story too is only an instrument to communicate an essence which is embodied in it. Very little, if anything, of this remains, it seems to me, in the *Rashomon* play. The heavy production is merely debris and its only end is an effect, which to this observer appears basically childish and coarse.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA and *I Paglacci* are sometimes brusquely referred to as the ham and eggs of opera: they are staples of the repertory. The American theatre also has such staples: for example, the plays of Lindsay and Crouse. Though they offer only slight nourishment I really have no objection to them and, in some instances, I have rather enjoyed them. They have no positively harmful ingredients, they are wrought from good or, at any rate, safe

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moral principles, they are energetic and ingenious, though fundamentally simple in construction, they are affable and now and then they are benevolently humorous.

Tall Story (Belasco), a farce about a basketball player and two honest professors involved in a misunderstanding with the athletic interests of their college, is not the best of the Lindsay-Crouse pieces, but it will probably find an audience on Broadway and a far greater one in the movies.

During the first act I failed to laugh because of the too strenuously controlled comedy "readings" with which the actors were saddled, but as the play progressed I began to wonder whether this forced manner of direction (by Herman Shumlin) was not after all the right one, since the play is more cartoon than comedy. I am still not sure because one actor, Marc Connelly, who though slightly self-conscious and not altogether an actor, manages to give the most engaging performance in the show merely by being intelligently himself.

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE GREAT Winslow Homer retrospective, organized by the National Museum of Washington, has arrived in New York and will hang at the Metropolitan until March 8. There are seventy-nine oils, more than a hundred watercolors and numerous drawings and prints—the most comprehensive show of Homer ever given. The work ranges from a *Harper's Weekly* illustration of 1859 when the artist was twenty-three, to a canvas, *Shooting the Rapids, Saguenay River,* left unfinished at his death in 1910.

There are two distinct periods in the work—the scenes from American farm, summer and soldier life, principally in oil, done before 1881, when Homer left to spend two years in England; and the later pictures whose subjects are the landscape of the West Indies and the woods and seacoasts of Maine. In these later pictures the watercolors form the finest and most original part.

The work before 1881 is not very different, even in scale, from the other American genre painters, though it seldom arrives at being as finished or unified as that of Mont or Bingham. The color is invariably more interesting—incisive, rich and for the most part surprisingly dark. The subjects are commonplace and rural—children in a catboat or taking cows to pasture, girls walking on a beach or playing croquet—so commonplace that even Henry James, reporting an exhibition, complained of a "pie-nurtured maiden" and "blankness of fancy" and called the work honest and manly but "damnably ugly." These now-vanished commonplaces are partly what give the work today its extraordinary charm.

In these early pictures the faces are frequently over-detailed—the result, one supposes, of Homer's training as an illustrator, and a few of the works (*Morning Glories* of 1873 for example—a young woman in a window framed with climbing plants) are as inept and sentimental as a commercial lithograph. Most, however, are very much alive and the best are extraordinarily fine: *On the Beach,* for one, with its majestic rollers sweeping in, and in one corner tiny figures of ladies wading, obviously summer visitors, with comically fat legs; or *East Hampton, Long Island* of 1874, with its girls under beach parasols in the Atlantic summer light. This last, in crispness of placement, tone and painting, is more vivid than any Boudin. The final oil of this period is one of his most remarkable—*The Campfire* of 1880—the woods at night with two hunters around a fire, in which the column of ascending sparks is a *tour de force* of painting as incredible as some of Reubens'.

From this point on the oils become heavier, more portentous, as anecdotal as the contemporary illustrations to popular novels, and in every way less engaging. There are of course exceptions. *The Hound and Hunter* of 1892, for example—a young Indian guide (probably a real person; he appears in several other pictures) being towed in his canoe by a swimming stag and warning off his dog—is in every way an admirable picture. But the monumental girls of these pictures and even the thundering Maine Coast waves seem today dated and tiresome. The watercolors, on the contrary, are freer, more spontaneous and economical than before, and constantly surprise with their variety, subtlety and skill.

WATERCOLOR, used as one finds it here to make a finished picture, seems to have been a late nineteenth-century — and probably English—invention. Earlier watercolors—by Turner, Delacroix, and even as late as those of Cézanne—were generally either notations of ideas or sketches for pictures. The watercolor as an end in itself, as well as the brilliant technique we ourselves associate with

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the medium, came I think from the introduction of a new sort of watercolor paper, known as "cold pressed." This, a heavy, heavily-sized, rough, rag paper, will not accept the detailed drawing necessary in a painter's working sketches. But its tough surface is not so easily spoiled as the lighter paper formerly in use. And the English painters found that its heavy substance, once wet, would, in their damp climate, stay wet for hours. In this state it permitted all sorts of hazy, misty softnesses and pictorial atmospheric effects. (Look, for example, at Homer's *Houses of Parliament* in the present show, done on this rough paper and in the English climate.) The effects were so satisfactory and characteristic that watercolor began to be commonly practiced as an end in itself.

In a drier climate, however, the technique is impractical. The paper dries too soon. And another technique was devised, perhaps by Homer himself, which afterwards became the standard practice—of painting on the paper, but without wetting it, in broad, crisp stroke, put down as directly as possible and allowed to dry untouched, the painter using no other white than the white of the paper itself. This is the exact opposite to painting in oil, where white is the most important of the pigments, where work done *à premier coup* is likely to seem dead, and where paint quality must be achieved by many layers one on top of the other. The two techniques are in fact so different that when a painter becomes expert in one, he seldom maintains his skill or interest in the other. This is probably what happened to Homer's later oils.

The work in the show is somewhat uneven as is inevitable in an artist with two such contrary sides—the provincial and professional illustrator and the first-rate Impressionist painter. But all the finest pieces are here, and even the lesser ones have something of that dramatic sense of color, that accurate feeling for people, places, times, light and weather, which make Homer one of the very great painters of our country.

WALTER STUEMPFIG is now showing thirty of his recent canvases (Durlacher until February 21). Stuempfig is one of the least-mannered of the contemporary American representational painters. His color, built on a foundation of brown, is fresh and lively, his paint texture light, his hand easy, the painting itself at once spontaneous and sure, if sometimes a little crowded and over-energetic. His subject is for the most part, like that of the Impressionists, the painter's own surroundings—still-life objects to be found in the studio, the winter woods around the house, the painter's son got up in a torero's jacket, a summer beach with bathers. The more ambitious of the pictures come nearer to what one thinks of as the "genre" style: *The Connoisseur* (a studio interior with pictures, an old man and a boy examining a painting in a gold frame) and *The Young Painter* with his background of art prints and his portfolio under his arm seem particularly successful. Stuempfig is obviously an admirer of Eakins and it is perhaps from him that he derives his commendable interest in so unorthodox a form.

ANOTHER vigorous show is the group of twenty-three recent works by the Romanian-born American sculptor Reder, shown at the World House through the same time. Reder's invention is fanciful and elaborate. His subjects are principally women, cows and birds — girls in bushes, a cat sprouting flowers, a circle of heavy-bottomed Amazons cavorting with tubas, a woman erect, beneath a cow standing on tight ropes. The two largest pieces are both extremely powerful: the one, *Noah's Wife Carrying Two Owls* — a sturdy nude planted on wide apart legs, over her head a couple of evil looking bird; and the other, a life size *Lady with House of Cards*, broad-hipped and slender-waisted, in a quasi-medieval dress, holding a quadruple prism of large playing cards from which the diamonds, kings and jacks project like mortar-board handles. In all the work the construction and surfaces are loose, almost casual. The women, in type, are fecund and masterful rather than seductive, more like German wives described by Tacitus than figures from a contemporary culture. The intent of the work seems at the same time threatening and humorous—like Doré's Don Quixote engravings or the Walpurgis Night of Faust seen by German Romantic illustrators.

FORTY-SIX WORKS from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman are on view at Knoedler during the same time, for the benefit of the Greenwich House Music School. There are twenty-three Cézannes, including some of his finest watercolors; some of Soutine's best portraits; a small and beautiful Manet of a young woman in a black riding hat; Cocteau as a prissy young man, along with another fine portrait and an admirable "African" head in limestone, all by Modigliani; sculptures by Gauguin, Lehmbruck and Lipchitz; and a panel more than twelve feet long by Toulouse-Lautrec — *Le Bois Sacré* — a very wicked parody of Puvis de Chavannes. It is so like a Puvis and in such characteristic color that one is at first deceived, until one discovers that the Angels, Nudes and Muses are all take-offs of the Puvis style (two angels flying in with an enormous tube of paint for Painting seated in pious meditation before her easel) and that the Poets and Artists lined up for apotheosis are all outrageous caricatures, the funniest being of Lautrec himself.

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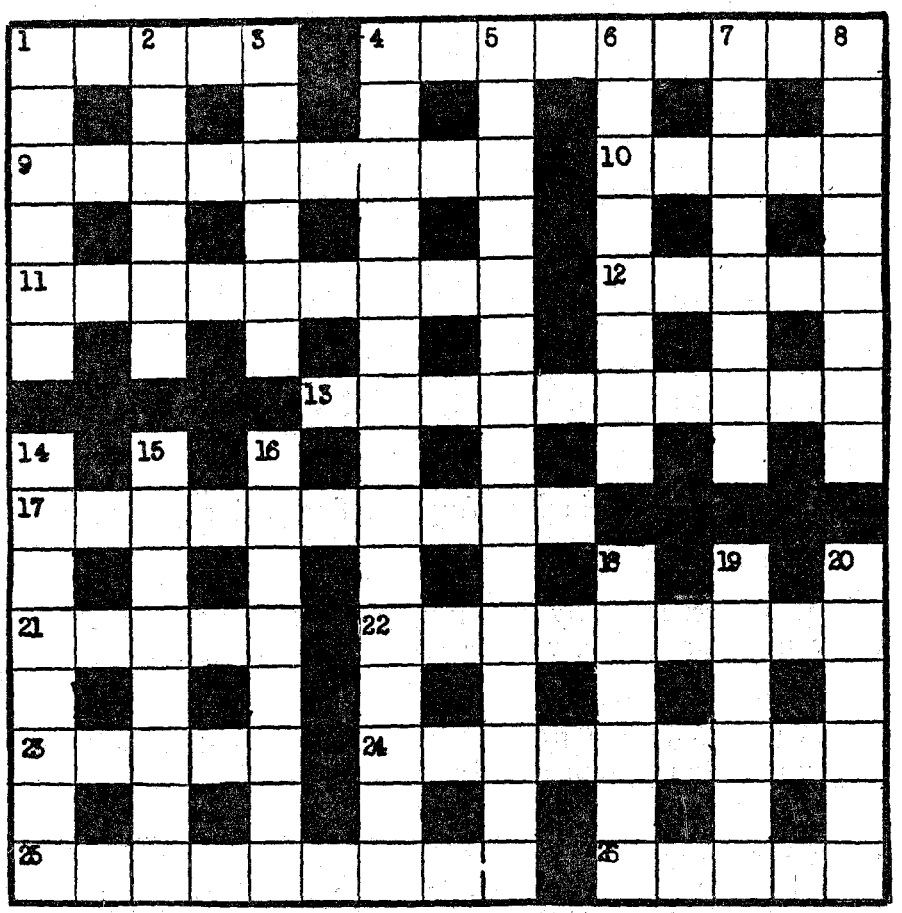

ACROSS:

1 See 4 down
4 A Trainee for Knighthood follows what he might be hoping for, preceding the first chapter. (5,4)
9 One of admiral rank doesn't quite fit on the Nautilus, according to the lower classes. (9)
10 and 2 Near volume with something to compel an accounting. (5,2,4)
11 What one might do to wrecks in a ship with no regular passengers. (9)
12 Stern, but not off of Burns's river. (5)
13 They might come between an introduction and an explanation. (10)
17 Accordingly, peculiar feet, rather! (10)
21 Sometimes broken by an unexpected move. (5)
22 The main act of a flagship of the passenger fleet? (9)
23 Square-headed boy, perhaps, belonging to them. (5)
24 The sort of airs put on outside the house, probably. (9)
25 The first leaf, but not 4 across. (9)
26 Not current, but evidently taken out. (5)

DOWN:

1 Most sage is found in the West. (6)
2 See 10 across
3 Has an internal craving. (What are they laughing about?) (6)
4 and 1 across Novel funeral for the Irish enchantress who is left? (3,4,2,3,3,5)
5 Strain to learn it, perhaps, if you want to get letters from a different country. (15)
6 Devices might be put on if you do. (8)
7 Flying "A" through turning into it. (8)
8 The snappish quality of border folk? (8)
14 He surrounds 50 in Greek, and is certainly not asthenic. (8)
15 What the Russians think we are is good enough! It's about time! (8)
16 Appealing to the intellect. (8)
18 Engaged as ships. (6)
19 More than inasmuch! (6)
20 Teeth, windows, and fireplaces might be. (6)

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